CORYDON QUERENS;

CARMEN PASTORALE,

LATINE REDDITUM.

EDITIO ALTERA.

LONDINI:

Typis E. SAY; & prostant venales apud B. BARKER, T. COMBES, J. CLARKE, & J. LACY.

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COLIN's Complaint.

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.

The Winds, that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in Return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſt the dear Tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too great:
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How

CORYDON Querens.

DEceptos Paſtor ſecum meditatus amores,
Ad ripam jacuit prætereuntis aquæ;
Dumque recenſebat falſæ perjuria Nymphæ,
Laſſatum ſalices ſuſtinuere caput.

Audierant Zephyri vocem gemituſque dolentis,
Et mœſtis venti congemuere ſonis:
Audierat Rivus; reſonumque ad murmura murmur,
Et queſtum ad queſtus ingeminavit aqua.

Ah miſerum Corydonem! *& durum ante omnia fatum!*
Triſtibus his lachrymans ingemit ille modis.
Adſpexi vultum, lethoque (heu ſidera iniqua!)
Ex illo intuitu quot graviora tuli!
Nuſquam tutus eram; Daphnæ *mihi dulcis imago*
Ridentis, dulcis ſermo loquentis erat:
Seu caneret, blando captus modulamine, Quando
Tam ſuave, exclamo, tu, Philomela, canes!

Sæpe

How fooliſh was I to believe,
  She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown?
Or, that her fond Heart wou'd not grieve,
  To forſake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think, that a Beauty ſo gay,
  So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our Maidens in grey,
  Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have Skill to complain!
  Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my ſoft Strain,
  The Virgins ſit weeping around!
Ah, COLIN! thy Hopes are in vain,
  Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel reſign;
Thy Falſe One enclines to a Swain,
  Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions ſo dear,
  Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid.

Sæpè mihi dixi, Miserebitur Illa; sed unde
Tam nostræ fieret rusticitatis amans?
Unde urbis splendorem ea sciret, opesque superbas
Sordibus exiguæ posthabuisse casæ?
Credebam tamen ignarus; rebarque quòd esset
Inter divitias inveniendа fides;
Quòd crassæ possent vestes, victusque placeret
Rustieus, atque humili sub Lare castus Amor.

Quid mihi, Apollineâ cingar quòd tempora Lauru,
Et querulæ mûrim tangere fila Lyræ?
Quid prodest, molles numeros signando movebam,
Virgineæ circùm quòd maduêre genæ?
Ah, nihil est, Corydon, *Phœbi cur munera jactes;*
Nec Lyra jam decori, nec tibi Laurus erit.
Est novus, est Daphnæ *felicior Ignis; & illi*
Dulcior est calamus, callidiorque manus.

Vos tamen hinc, Comitum pars ô charissima, mecum
Queis socii luctus sunt, sociusque dolor,
Parcite, mî quicquid dederint mea Fata serendum,
Parcite Vos Daphnen *insimulare doli.*

Tho' through the wide World I ſhou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly:
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change;
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If, while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground.
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew;
And when ſhe looks down in my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in golden Array;
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day:
While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

The End.

Si toto vagus orbe feror, comitatur eumdem
Sors eadem, nulla diſſociando fugâ:
Quamvis inteream, Daphne *mutabitur uſque;*
Inteream quamvis, uſque fidelis ero.

Siquid adhuc poterunt molleſcere corda, nec omnis
Ex inclementi pectore fugit amor;
Agreſtes inter decoret mea funera Nymphas,
Membraque ſupremo det tumulanda rogo.
Hoc mihi concedat ſaltem, non multa roganti,
Nudaque Cupreſſi frondibus oſſa tegat;
Relliquias urnâ poſitaſque ubi viderit, Urnæ,
Relliquias fidi, dicat, Amantis habes.

Tum gemmis multoque niteus laſciviat auro,
Igne novo felix, deliciiſque novis;
Tum nitidas inter ludat nitidiſſima Nymphas,
Et totum abſumat ſaltibus Illa diem.
Longùm abes interea, Corydon, *longúmque licebit*
Abſis; te tacitum nox tenebræque premunt:
Ni tua ſors, terræ immineat cùm pallida Luna,
Lurida vicinum tranſvolet Umbra nemus.

FINIS.

CONCLUSIONES.

FINIS.